Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure;
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from Lon- (don,
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day ouercast,
This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needelesse coward:
But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hats:
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Hastin.*
Hast. Go you before, Ile follow presently. (*a Pursuant.*
Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it please your Lo: to aske.
Hast. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now.
Then when I met thee last where now vve meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe.)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Hast. Gramercy Hastings hold spend thou that, *He giues*
Pur. God saue your Lordship. (*him his purse.*
Hast. What Sir Iohn, you are wel met, (*Enter a priest.*
I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise:
Come the next sabaoth and I will content you. *He whis-*
Enter Buckingham. (*pers in his eare.*
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they doe need the priest (priest,
Your honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.

Buck. I doe, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.
Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou knowest it not:
Come shall we go along? *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Rickard Ratliffe, with the Lo: Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan prisoners.

Ratl. Come bring foorth the prisoners.
Ryu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned bloudsuckers.
Ryu. O Pomfret Pomfret, Oh thou bloudy prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble peeres,
Within the guilty closure of thy wals
Richatd the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soile,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.
Gray. Now Margarets curse is falne vpon our heads:
For standing by, when Richard stabd her sonne.
Ryu. Then curst she Hastings, then curst she Bucking- (ham:
Then curst she Richard. Oh remember God,
To heare her praiers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister, and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.
Rat. Come come dispatch, the limit of your lines is out.
Ryu. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaue vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Councell.

Hast. My Lords at once the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name say, when is this royall day?
Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?
Dar. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ryu. To morrow then, I guesse a happy time.
Buc. Who knowes the Lo: protectors mind herein?